BY ELLEN LEYS

"Lady of quality requires as companion a gentlewoman not under thirty years of versant with the usages of good society. Address Lady Alicia Sowerby, The Towers, Myton, near Tadcaster, Yorkshire,

I saw this advertisement the day after the funeral of the dear old aunt with whom had lived since childhood. Her death had thrown me homeless and penniless upon the world, and for the last few days I had scanned with anxious eyes the employment columns of the newspapers. This was the only sort of occupation for which I was in the least bit fitted. I held no diplomas, and had had no experience in teaching, so I could not offer myself as a governess. But I was certainly a gentlewoman. I had just reached thirty; I could paint and sing and speak modern languages, and the society to which I had been accustomed was undoubtedly "good."

So I wrote my application and occupied the time in waiting in imagining what Lady Alicia might be like. Stiff, old-world, evidently, with her "lady of quality" and her "gentlewoman," but I hoped she might be one of the dear old ladies one dreams of, dressing in gray silk and old lace, with a faint perfume of lavender about her person and her house. I pictured her to myself with a sweet, reposeful face, and longed to hear that her home might be mine.

Lady Alicia's reply dispelled some of these illusions. She approved of me, my references were "satisfactory," and she offered me an "honorarium" of £30 a year, but the handwriting was that of a masterful woman, and the phrasing of her letter gave no indication of gentleness. However, I thankfully accepted the post, and before a week had passed found myself one July afternoon at Myton station. The train went on, and I stood, solitary,

on the platform, waiting until the porter came for my ticket that I might ask him how to get to the Towers. Before he had time to stroll up to me in the leisurely manner of the country, a dog-cart came dashed into the station, ran up to me, and began sniffing at my skirts. It was quickly followed by the driver of the trap, a tall boy of about fifteen, with frank, blue eyes that opened wide with astonishment as he caught sight of me.

"Down Connas, down!" he shouted to the dog, raising his hat apologetically. Then, as his eyes took in the vacancy of the platform, they rested again inquiringly on me, and he cried: "I say, you're never-I mean are you Miss Marshall?"

"Yes, for the Towers." "I've come to meet you. Awfully sorry I'm so late. Will you come this way

This was admiration for the way in which I mounted to the high seat, and he showed that I had won my way into his good graces by talking to me in a perfectly freeand-easy strain during the drive.

As we came to the top of a hill about two miles from the station he pointed with his whip to a large, red brick mansion embesomed in the trees of an extensive park and

"That's the Towers."

"It seems to be a large place," I said. "Yes, beastly ugly. Old Sowerby-that's Aunt Alicia's late husband-had a pile of money-made it in trade-soap, or starch or something of that kind. Thought he'd scored. I expect, when he got an earl's daughter to marry him. Ha! ha! Soon found out who was master!"

"You are Lady Alicia's nephew, then?" "Yes-Max Hetherington. My father is the younger brother. My uncle is the Earl of Ullswater. I spend the summer vac. here. Beastly dull, too, except when she lets me have a fellow down for a few weeks. Fred Somers is coming the first week of August."

"May I ask a question?" "Certainly-any number."

"Why did you look so astonished when you saw me?" He turned crimson.

"Oh, I say!" he began, as he broke into a laugh, "Well, I said you might, and it is rather a joke. The truth is, aunt is exsort of frump-some grizzled, scraggy old maid, dressed in a weatherbeaten frock. And when I saw you, so young-looking, and smart, and trim-well, you see, it was rather a surprise!"

"I see." And I laughed too. "I'm afraid she'll consider you a fraud," he said, eyeing me critically.

"But I am only what I professed to be

"She said you were thirty." "Quite true."

Well, you look about twenty-four. And I'm awfully glad you are what you are. your friend through thick and thin. Done ?" He extended his big, sun-burnt hand, and I put mine into it to get it nearly squeezed into a pulp.

beast, and he made up to you at once."

the groom, helped me to alight, and I was ache with envy. ushered at once into the presence.

removed my hat and cape.

confidential upper servant all in one. Lady of which was attached some romantic story, nificance for either Lady Alicia or the end of his stick into the recess, and brought Alicia's correspondence was immense. She would dictate letters to me by the dozen and never seem weary. She was far too independent to have a regular lady's maid. "I do my own hair and put on my own clothes," she said; but I was required to superintend the sewing maid who made renovations in her ladyship's gowns, and to put finishing touches to the millinery sent her from Tadcaster.

Two or three times a week I had to go to the village as Lady Alicia's representative, to visit the sick, read to the aged, and distribute occasional doles of tea and money to the deserving poor.

The time fixed for these visits was that during which morning service was being held in the church, and the reason for this was suggested by a remark of Max's.

"I suppose she's afraid of your facinating the vicar. He's a widower, and the last one set her cap at him. But as long as he's single, auntie can do as she likes with him."

I had no desire to fascinate the vicar, but he was always very kind to me when we did meet, and very attentive to any recommendations I made him on behalf of the poor people, and sometimes when he happened to be coming out of church as I was on my homeward journey, he would walk a part of the way with me, carrying my basket. He was a gentle, grave man, tall and thin. He had one little girl a sweet child, who was fond of coming to meet me when I was on my rounds -a lovely- little thing. Sometimes Lady Alicia invited her to luncheon at the Tow-

ers, but Max was too rough for her, and she preferred to sit beside me in the old summer-house with a book to playing tennis with him.

My post, though a very busy one, would not have been unpleasant but for the coldness with which Lady Alicia treated me. It seemed to me that while she approved of all that I did for her, she disliked me personally. No tinge of cordiality ever colored her accents when addressing me. At the end of six weeks I was as far apart from her as on the day of my arrival. Max as usual, noticed and commented upon this.

"Truth is, you're far too nice looking, Miss Marshall. Aunt sees that people look at you because you're so pretty. You're just her opposite, too, dark and slight. I heard her say to Lady Masterton that one never knew if one could trust dark peo-

In his rough, boyish way Max did all he could to make up to me for his aunt's coldness. He called me a "good chum," read me the jokes out of his boys' papers when I was sitting over some sewing of Lady Alicia's in the summer house, and when I could be spared, took me for a row on the lake in the park.

So things went on until his friend, Fred Somers, came. Somers was as wild as Max. Indeed, I thought he inspired most of the mischief that was done after he came. It was he who egged Max on to climb the ruined tower in search of starlings' nests; who made him ride bare-backed an unbroken colt at the risk of his life; who suggested upsetting the boat with their clothes in it when they went for a swim in the lake, and diving for the watches which they had left in their vest pockets and which, needless to say, they never recov-

However, all these amusements palled in time, and one day I came upon the boys in | hall, vainly trying to smother a laugh. the hall in deep consultation.

"Plotting fresh mischief?" I said. "No mischief at all, Miss Inquisitive! I want to see Aunt Alicia. Where is she?" And I saw from his manner that he was not very sure of his courage carrying him all the way he wanted to go now.

He ran off to the blue drawing room, in which Lady Alicia, disabled by an attack of rheumatism, used to spend the day at that time, while Somers said to me: "We want to go to the races."

"He won't get leave to do that," I answered. "Why not?"

"Lady Alicia strongly disapproves of horse racing." "Just like a woman." And Somers turned away, and began teasing Connas. Max was gone quite a long time, and came back at last, looking very wrathful

and very red in the face. "Won't let us," he said. "You shouldn't have asked," said Somers "We should have taken French leave, and heard what she had to say when we came

"That wouldn't work," said Max, whose parents had impressed upon him the necessity of remembering that he was his aunt's

"Well," yawned Somers, "there's nothing to do. It's awfully stale." "Awfully stale," echoed Max. "Thank goodness, term begins the day after to-

Just then a footman came with a message from his mistress.

"Her ladyship says that if Mr. Hetherington and Mr. Somers will come to the blue drawing room, she will ask Miss Marshall to bring down the jewels which she promised to show them."

"Stuff! Who wants to see jewels?" cried Max. "Does she think we're girls?" "Looks like it," sneered Somers.

"Lady Alicia has some very rare gems, I believe," said I, and I led the way, while they hung back a moment and then fol-

Lady Alicia looked up from her reading. "I am sure you must both have sense enough," she said, addressing the boys, "to see that the race course at Tadcaster is not quite the place for boys of your age. There's no need to look so glum, Maxwell. You have brought about your own disappointment by allowing yourselves to imagine such a thing possible. I wish to compensate you, however, for any chagrin you may feel, and you will find that you can pass an hour as happily among my treasures as upon the turf, I trust. Miss Marshall, will you bring the inlaid cabinet from my dressing room?"

I brought the cabinet-a beautiful little a telegraph form. she expected somebody-well, plain. But | chest of Eastern workmanship. I had often heard Lady Alicia's collection spoken of I see you won't be a sneak like the last and was eager to have an opportunity of handing it to the vicar. "I shall allow no he might have done if he had smelt a rat. one. And, look here, I promise to stand seeing it. Lady Alicia opened the cabinet member of the household to go out of these I thought for a moment that this was the with a tiny gold key she wore on her gates until the necklace has been found."

little drawers; the other half with shelves | morning a detective named Duckworth ar-"And Connas will be your friend, too," only. From each drawer in turn she drew rived. He had traveled by the night train could there be here any clew to the myshe added. "He's an awfully knowing little forth jewels which she wore on great oc- and lost no time in beginning his investiga- tery of the necklace? I remembered how casions. They were remarkably fine, and | tions. We had reached the lodge gates now, and the display of necklaces, bracelets, a few minutes later the dog-cart drew up in | brooches, rings and ornaments for the hair | lace was missed, was one of the utmost | saw the vicar on his way from the house, front of the house. Max threw the reins to was such as to make most women's hearts misery. Lady Alicia made no attempt to where he had been for the last hour with

Lady Alicia raised her long-handled eye- hibit her historic gems that the interest smooth-tongued man, with hideously oily glass and stared at me through it. She was came for me, for her collection of these manners, examined and cross-examined and said he thought the object I pointed a tall, big woman of forty, with a high treasures was unique. Two tiny diamond | me in the presence of Lady Alicia. All out might prove to be the sandal-wood box. color, and a voice like a man's. In a few shoe-buckles grudgingly bestowed by Queen | the circumstances under which the jewels short, clear sentences, she told me what | Elizabeth on a maid-of-honor; a snuff-box | had been brought out and shown to the | able to have Lady Alicia present at its findmy duties were to be, and intimated that of Charles II, a sapphire pin worn by Prince boys were described and discussed ad nau- ing," he said, and he went without my ask-I could enter upon them as soon as I had Charlie, and given by him to an ancestor of seam. The fact that the cabinet bore no ing him, out of the kindness of his heart, Lady Alicia's in acknowledgment of safe sign of having been broken open and of to bring her himself. I found that my post would be a busy hiding furnished him by the family; a ring Lady Alicia having the keys always on one. I was secretary, almoner and a sort of worn by Montrose, and other relics, to each her watchchain, appeared to have no sig- the vicar, stooping down, pushed the hooked

most valued by Lady Alicia was contained parents before the days of the Terror. It was a most lovely object it itself, and its value was, of course, greatly enhanced

by its associations. Every detail of that unhappy Queen's the necklace for a moment. I suppose my face, rather than my voice, betrayed what I was feeling, for Max exclaimed, sharp-

"Well, you are gone on that!" and startled me into flushing crimson at the notice he attracted to me. At the same time he caught up the sandalwood box and smelt it, then, like the Goth he was, he put it to Connas's nose, saying: "Smell, Connas, smell!"

Lady Alicia reproved him as he deserved in sharp tones, and putting out her hand to me for the necklace, said:

"That gem is worth more to me than all my other possessions!" I gave it back in silence, not trusting

myself to speak, and turned away to hide some foolish tears which the touching of that relic had drawn to my eyes. A companion had no business to be sentimental!

exhibiting an object more interesting to the boys, a silver horn used by the Elector Palatine when out hunting. She put this back and closed the door of the cabinet. "Our ancestors must have done a rare lot of cringeing to get all these pickings." said Max, in his elegant way, with a wink at me. Before his aunt could reply the vicar was announced, and when we had all shaken hands, Lady Alicia locked the the same time dismissing the boys, who

Two days after this Max and Somers went back to school, Max's last words to me being a recommendation of Connas to my special tenderness during his absence. The dog had grown very fond of me, and followed me about continually. His devotion took the edge a little off the loneliness I felt when Max was gone, but I fancied that Lady Alicia grudged me even this bit of comfort, and often when I called to Connas to join me on my walk she would insist on detaining him at her side, for her attack of rheumatism still kept her a pris-

The boys had been gone about a fortnight when the vicar called one afternoon, bringing with him a French lady, a connection of his late wife. I had been sitting reading to Lady Alicia, and was about to go quietly away (having been given to understand that my presence was not required when visitors arrived), when the vicar asked Lady Alicia if she would have the kindness to show Madame Lacroix the Marie Antoinette necklace-she had been so much interested when he told her about it. After bringing the cabinet I was about to leave the room, but I had hardly reached the door when Lady Alicia gave a cry and

"It's gone! The necklace is gone! The box has been stolen!" Then, forgetting her rheumatism, she rushed across the room, laid her hand roughly on my shoulder, and cried: "Where is it? Quick-quick! You know all about it!"

The suddenness of her attack stupefied me. I crimsoned with indignation, and stammered out:

"Lady Alicia! What can you mean? What have I to do with it?" "Everything! You appeared to covet it

so much when you saw it-Maxwell noticed it. You brought it to me last-you put it back-you brought it to me again to-day-"

"My dear Lady Alicia," said the vicar, in his quiet voice, "pray calm yourself. You have not yet seen whether any of your other jewels are missing." And he led her back to her couch. I waited, anxious to be to leave would be construed into a desire to escape, kept me rooted to the spot. Lady Alicia counted over all her possessionsnothing else was missing. The French lady sat with her cold eyes fixed on me.

The vicar said: "It is very strange. If your cabinet has been robbed, why should | floor, and at first I thought it was this that that only have been taken?"

"Oh, that's easy to see," replied Lady Alicia, in her hard, deep voice. "It would not be missed for a long time in the ordinecklace-it is too sacred. At any rate, the mystery will soon be solved," she added,

My position, from the moment the neck- looked out into the garden, and there I But it was when Lady Alicia began to ex- the thief. The detective, a smooth-faced, him and told him of my thought.

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S BAD BREAK.

Blind Beggar-Thank you, sir; I knew you wouldn't forget the blind

blue velvet lining, a beautiful pearl necklace it would not be missed for a long time, on the daughter of the then Earl of Ulls- the end of the week was made much of. water when she left Versailles with her I suppose they thought I meant to get away and sell it!

For the next few days I was seldom out of sight of the detective. He would sit | the last week trying to discover the thief." down beside me when I was sewing and appear to take a great interest in my work. life has always had an absorbing interest | He would join me in the garden if I went for me, and I begged to be allowed to hold for a stroll. Even my favorite retreat, the summer house, was not free from his intrusion. I could see that the very servants knew on whom suspicion rested, but could not attempt to leave, for I knew | ment. that my doing so would be construed into an acknowledgment of guilt, and that Lady Alicia would not have hesitated to have me

For some time I could not understand the detective's attitude towards me. Why so suave, so insinuating? Suddenly expression in his eyes, accompanied by some familiar phrase, showed me his meaning. The man had the insolence to be attempting to make love to me!

He saw that I had divined his intention,

and broke out: "My dear young lady, I see that you yours! Yes-your beauty, your helplessness, have made the deepest impression on When I looked around again the box was my heart. Even detectives have hearts, restored to its place, and Lady Alicia was strange as it may seem to you! I offer you the protection of my love. Marry me, my sweetest one, and you shall never again hear a whisper of this suspicion." "Mr. Duckworth!" I rose, trembling

with indignation. "Calm yourself," he said, looking around. "Do not expose yourself to observation. My dear, do you not see that I know all? posal, and you are a free woman. Refuse cabinet, and asked me to put it away, at it, and you will be arrested before a week came tumbling over each other into the

"And you," I cried in scorn, "you would marry a woman you believe to be a thief!" He answered with an odious smile.

"Not any such woman." I am not by nature a passionate woman, but the insolence of the man's manner, and his calm assumption of my guilt, roused my temper beyond control, and I threatened to go at once to Lady Alicia and ex-

He smiled contemptuously.

"Do!" he cried. "And hear what her ladyship will say. Everybody sees how fond she is of you-she will take all you say for gospel! I fancy I can hear her-'The clever little minx, thinking to turn the | ing up the mystery. detective from his duty by a glance of her dark eyes,' etc. Oh, yes, Miss Marshall, it will be quite your crowning success to go with such a story to Lady Alicia!" It was too true. I was no coward, but I

knew that he was right. "You know that I am as innocent of this thing as you are yourself," I cried. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I might have said so a day or two ago," he said, meaningly, and I remembered that he had come out to me in the garden the day before with a look of elation and cunning that made him ten times more unpleasant than he had been before.

"You prefer to take your fate in your own hands, then?" he said, drawing nearer, relieve you from the unpleasantness of your position. Trust me, put yourself into my hands by accepting me as your affianced I drew back in horror as he put out his

hands to me, and seeing the loathing in my eyes, he broke off: "Very well, you have chosen. Henceforth

I am your enemy, not your friend and ally." I went away and took refuge in my bedroom for the rest of the day. Lady Alicia, now herself again, had gone to a garden

party and had left Duckworth to keep guard over me. Next morning the detective, after a long conference with Lady Alicia, went out. saw him being driven away in the dog-cart gone, but the thought that any movement and feeling thankful for some hours of freedom from this unceasing watchfulness, I betook myself to the summer house, ac-

No sooner had we entered our refuge than

companied by Connas.

the dog became greatly excited. The end of an Egyptian cigarette was lying on the had excited Connas, for Mr. Duckworth smoked these cigarettes, and the dog had always shown a marked antipathy for the detective. But it was not the cigarette, for Connas began to sniff at the floor on the other side of the summer house at a place where the wooden casing that formed a and going to her writing table she filled up | sort of wainscoting was broken away a few "May I trouble you to leave this at the paws as far as he could get them under postoffice for me as you go home?" she said, the woodwork, he whined and growled as cause of his excitement, and, stooping The telegram, as I guessed, was to Scot- down, saw a small object lying beyond my One half of the cabinet was fitted with | land Yard, and at breakfast-time next | reach. Suddenly a wild thought struck me. Could there, by any undreamt-of chance, Max had made the dog smell the box. I

> conceal that she suspected me of being Lady Alicia. In my excitement I ran up to He came with me into the summerhouse, "If it should be that, it would be advis-

> > She came, looking very incredulous, but out the box. He put it into Lady Alicia's hands, and I watched her eagerly as she opened the box. As she did so she broke into a harsh laugh.

"I thought so-it is, of course, empty!" "Empty!" The vicar and I made the exclamation at the same moment. She turned away after casting one searching glance at me, and said:

"We shall see what Mr. Duckworth says Taking the vicar's arm she moved slowly away, and I heard her say in her deep,

"Of course, Mr. Duckworth will agree

with me that she put it there herself, but it is of no use to charge her, as she would be too cunning to put the necklace in her trunk. There's nothing for it but to wait until she is off her guard." The vicar's answer annoyed her.

"I feel sure, as I told you before, that you are doing Miss Marshall a great injustice. I am persuaded that she is perfectly innocent." Upon which Lady Alicia withdrew her

hand from his arm and bade him an icy Left alone, I sat thinking, thinking, vain-

ly endeavoring to find some explanation of the matter, for this discovery seemed to make it more mysterious than ever. After a while I rose and went into the shrubbery. Suddenly I heard my name yelled ("shouted" would not convey the remotest idea of the noise), and, to my astonishment, saw Max running toward me at full speed.

man from Scotland Yard. The questions duffer had it directly he came back and asked me by the detective showed me what lots of the fellows have taken it, so old in a small sandal-wood box which lay in | was in their minds-Lady Alicia, drowsy | Humphreys has closed the school until the solitary state upon the lowest shelf. She from her illness, had fallen asleep; I had half term. Jolly good for me, if only the lifted the lid and shewed us, resting on the | taken the key, stolen the necklace, thinking | pater and mater hadn't started on their cruise. As it is, I shall have to put up with which Marie Antoinette had worn in her and quietly put pack the key! The fact of being in this dull hole for the present. By happier days, and which she had bestowed | my having asked for a day's holiday at | the way, I say, has auntie missed the

necklace yet?" "Missed the necklace!" I cried. "It has been stolen and I- But what do you know about it? We have had a detective here for He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Great Scott! You don't say so! What a stunning joke! How Somers will laugh! Well, I'm awfully glad. Served her out better than I hoped."

"Do you know where it is, then?" I exclaimed, my voice trembling with excite-"Yes, I hid it to pay her out for not let-

ting us go to the races. But, I say, what makes you look like that?" "She thinks I have stolen it!" I could not restrain a sob as I said the words, and Max, suddenly realizing the mischief he had done, seized my arm and pulled me

along towards the house, saying: "I'll soon set that right!" He went at once to the blue drawing room, and, going to a large cabinet filled with rare old china, took off the lid of a pot pourri jar, and plunged his hand among the dead rose leaves. But he rummaged have read my secret as I have discovered in vain, and even his ruddy face grew a shade paler as, after emptying the contents of the jar upon the table, no sign of the

necklace was to be found.

"Gone! By all the powers!" he cried. "Are you sure you put it there? Oh, think, Max, think!" I cried in agony. "Here and nowhere else," he cried. "I caught it away just as she was shaking hands with the vicar. I tipped Somers a wink, and he lifted the lid of the jar, and I dropped it in and gave it a push in among the stuff in the jar. You weren't looking, Your fate is in my hands. Accept my pro- fortunately, or you would have spoilt our little game. Then, you know, she just turned the key and asked you to take the cabinet away."

> "But where can it be now?" "Ah! That's what we've got to find out! Has the 'tec searched this room?" "Thoroughly."

> "Anybody by when he was doing it?" asked Max, carelessly. "No-at least, I believe not." "Tell me all you can about the way things

have been done." I told him all that had taken place-the missing of the necklace, the finding of the box, even to the detective's proposals to myself, for, boy as he was, I had often noticed a shrewdness in Max that made me hope he might really be of use in clear-

"Who's that strolling about out there?" he cried, all of a sudden. "Why, if it isn't old Tibbits, the constable. What's he here

"I suppose he has been sent for to watch over me." I said, bitterly, "Mr. Duckworth is away at Tadcaster, and Lady Alicia has gone out to luncheon at Lady Masterton's." "Good! Tibbits is a friend of mine. Now's

our chance." soon talking as hard as he could to the policeman. Tibbits appeared at first to be resisting some suggestion of the boy's, but the upshot of it was that Max and he came into the house and went upstairs. minutes had not passed before the two reappeared, Max, with beaming face, holding out the necklace in triumph.

"Max! Where did you find it?" "Just where I expected," he said. "In the tec's own bag. I guessed from what you said that he had found the necklace himself. You see, he had the coast quite clear. I'm only thankful he was fool enough to leave it behind to-day, instead of taking it with him. We searched first in his pockets, and the thing that struck us as odd at once was that we found his shaving-stick loose in his jacket pocket. 'Odd place that for a shaving-stick,' said I, 'where's the box?' Couldn't find it anywhere about the room, so we took the liberty of opening the gentleman's portmanteau. Down in one corner, hidden away in a rolled-up sock, was the shaving-stick case, and in the box was the necklace!"

"You are a clever boy, Max," I said.

"Yes, my talents are quite thrown away in the fifth form." he said, calmly, "Think I'd better join the force, hadn't I, Tib-"You would, indeed, be a hornament to

it, sir." said Tibbits, in tones of deep re-Max took care that the vicar should be at the house when Lady Alicia returned. Duckworth appeared at the same moment, and Max went out into the hall to meet his

"I'll tell you how I came to be here aftertion of surprise. "I want you to come into the blue-room. And you," he said, turning to Duckworth, who was standing near. "Miss Marshall and you, sir (to the vicar), will you come, too?"

He gave his aunt his arm, and seated her on the couch near the china cabinet. "Here's your necklace," he said, dropping it into Lady Alicia's lap. And before she could utter a syllable, he went on: "I hid it that day you wouldn't let us go to the races. But when I looked for it just now it was gone." "Of course," and Lady Alicia curled her

lip, glanced at me, and then at Duckworth. Duckworth was trying to affect indifferonce, but I noted the uneasy opening and clasping of his hands as he listened for Max's next words. "I found it-where do you think?-in

your spy's portmanteau!" "Impossible, Maxwell!" said Lady Alicia, flushing angrily.

"Perfectly true! Set a thief to catch a accepted a living that had been offered him



262—REBUS.

263-ANAGRAM.

The sun has left the highest Alpine peak

In radiant rose-and-purple after-glow;

Upon the mountains of eternal snow.

the height.

to-day

spat.

And now the worn explorers shelter seek

With dangers past, from perils of the

Yet who shall say how sweet the rest of

264-CHARADE.

Twas a quiet, pleasant spot in the garden,

Where I chance to o'erhear their fierce

You're a queer, sallow thing," the stout

Whereupon she retorted, with high-bred

WHOLE told the squash.

So plebeian and horribly coarse!"

you're so rude,

the ONE

bors:

at the fuss

"Wry-necked and a pigmy at that!"

'From some most undesirable source

Old Patrick, the gard-ner, who'd been to

Dropped his pipe from his mouth in amaze

And rebuked thus the quarrelsome neigh-

To refresh himself after his labors,

O MANY REST within their loving care.

Who lie asleep beneath the Alpine snows?

blessings on the WHOLE that crowns

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.



[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn Lewiston, Maine.]

266-TRANSPOSITION. Beneath a shock of sandy hair. A marble brow; bright eyes and keen. As black as ONE-excuse me there, As black as anthracite, I mean.

He studies sandstone, hornblend, flint; From northern land to Grecian shore His hobnatled TWO have left their print In marl, and loan, and Rhenish FOUR.

Learns secrets one might be afraid of; I think he knows the sort of clay Each individual is made of. "Dust unto dust" may daunt the brave,

He THREE no time, but day by day

But he is one to take it lightly: He'll note the strata of his grave And classify L's headstone rightly.

M. C. S.

267-NUMERICAL.

1 1-2 1-2-3 have known Tall trees with creeping vines o'ergrown. 1-2 1-2-3-4-5 fair Flowers, beasts and birds are everywhere Nor can the 1-2-3 to 6 Ever forget his forest tricks. "Chaste goddess of the chase" is given In 3 to 6 and 3 to 7. And blessings on the friendly inmates | All fertile field for modern fiction;

268-COMBINATIONS.

Unique in plot, unique in diction

third and fourth promenades?

At a certain female seminary nine freshmen have begun the year by taking a walk, in sets of three, thus: Grace

TRANZA.

Bertha Helen They then take three other promenades, changing partners each time so that no two

of them are in any set more than once.

What is the arrangement in the second,

G. D. HUNT.

269-DOUBLETS. (In each couplet, twice ONE is TWO.) feel sure, YOU are sprung, Mr. WHOLE, Noted are ONES for temper gay and kind; But TWOS have quite the opposite, I find.

While tuneful TWOS in India are found.

No land is there a ONE has never pressed: The TWO in tropic climates thrive the best.

A wicked man may ONE as good men do:

MABEL P. ANSWERS.

245.-Car-nation, sunflower, stock, hyacynth (high A C in TH), pans-y (e), crowfoot, sweet william (s-weet, will-yam), la-246.-A-corn.

247.-Solomon, Solon, Sol, O. 248 .- 1, D-vour (devour); 2, A-mews (muse); 3, B-knighted (benighted); 4, X-

pecked (expect); 5, I-dol(l); 6, R-sun (arson); 7, N-dew (endue); 8, S-scents (essence); 9, U-night (nite); 10, C-veer (severe); Il, E-lewd (elude), 12, F-Fusion (efand can make a very good ****, and can fusion); 13, G-Rome (Jerome); 14, J-cob (Jaalso ****** the weather and the luck very well. 6. What he calls his pointer is nothcob); 15, M-brood (embrued; 16, O-pal, 17, ing but a ***, but you could not say so to P-can; 18, Y-mar (Weimar); 19, V-near I could not find my laundry (veneer); 20, A-loan (lone). and had to ***** my sister to help me 249.-Gathered. hunt for it. 8. He is an experienced soldier

250.-Pearl, earl.

251.-1, Dispensary, pen; 2, Distraction, tract; 3, Enchantress; 4, Epaulet, Paul; 5. Epidemic, idem; 6, Epistaxis; 7, Level, Eve. 252.-When, then.

in Devonshire. Max comes to spend his

Easter holidays with us, and to this day

it is a matter of the greatest jubilation to

him that, on the representations made at Scotland Yard by my husband, Duckworth was dismissed from the service. [Copyright, 1902.] HEALTH AND RECREATION.

Professional Men Who Have Set an Example to Their Brethren. Indiana Medical Journal. The Rev. J. Cumming Smith, pastor of

olis, is an enthusiastic golf player-perhaps the best in Indiana. He is a tall, lithe, smooth-shaven, wiry English Canadian of some forty years, an excellent example of muscular Christianity, and in his life and character a good exemplar of Thomas Hughes's estimate, some twenty years ago, in a little pamphlet of "The Manliness of Christ." He plays at the Country Club links. Indeed, the clergy are coming to see that it is better to take an active part in athletic sports and outdoor life than to keep too close to the study and parochial build up by a forty days' sojourn in the wilderness. Myron W. Reed, next to Henaunt's conduct, and for the insolence you ry Ward Beecher the most distinguished have been subjected to from this man. If of Indianapolis ministers, was an adept in relaxation. His "blue Monday" was given ing at the Indianapolis Journal office with Capt. Harry New, "Lige" Halford, James Whiteomb Riley, Bill Nye, "Pink" Fishback, George Hitt and possibly some stayover tragedian or comedian. When he went "No," she answered, curtly, and the fishing in Canada his chance acquaintances vicar opened the door for me, and took me | did not know his profession, for he had no clerical garb or manner. J. William Flor-"You will leave here immediately?" he but Mr. Reed was incog. In autumn, at the Bates House, he saw Myron Reed's name as pastor of the First Church, and remarked to Mr. Reibold that a man of me in at the rectory at home until I can that name was fishing with him in Canada. "Yes, that was the Rev. Myron Reed," said the hotel man. "No, that could not e. The man with me was lot a preacher; But none the less it was Capt. Myron by turns, from his boyhood, teacher, farm hand, law student, theological stupreacher to his death, Jan. 30, 1899, in Den-

> sorts and conditions of men, who rememchurch, and his statement that he "could not consult millionaires and corporation counsel when he wrote his sermons, but his own heart and Jesus Christ.' toral, in medical work-must be the man, and nerve, as well as the full-orbed mind, the sensitive and sympathetic nature, the quickened conscience, the knowledge of the best that has been said and done in the

world, the large wisdom born of knowledge

There will never be too many such pas-

ter 18 degrees below zero there were 19,000

Methodist and Congregational pastors, the

eulogies by a Jewish rabbi and a Catholio

priest-nothing like it in this country. For

he had worked with and lived with all

tors or physicians in the world. There are selves to an early death, like the preacher Matthew Arnold met among the weavers in Spitaifield. He asked him: "Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this

"Bravely," said he, "for I of late have been Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the Living Bread. And then the poet comments: 'O human soul! as long as thou canst so

Set up a mark of everlasting light Above the howling senses' ebb and flow, To cheer thee and to right thee if thou Not with lost toil thou laborest through Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed

of everlasting light above the howling flow" and at the same ti preserve our physical and mental sanity We must put away the sense of hurry and the people we meet, and especially with our confreres. One of the apostles knew that genial company, or alone with nature, two or three times a week-golf, hunting, fish-ing, bowling-whatever takes us to the limit of our physical strength and andur-



"Never mind, dear, about that rich duffer breaking his engage

"For shame, now, for ould chums, and TWO-folk at that, To be blatherin' on so together! You are both jist ez good ez the ither, me An' shure, now, a little bit bether!" MABEL P. 265-PREFIXES. (Prefix a preposition to the word supplied to the first blank in order to make the 1. You must **** baby, for I ***** to go Get another **** of paper and write him and ***** into the matter. 3. minister does not seem to **** well, and a good many will ***** from the church. 4. With another **** of arms the enemy will scarcely be able to ******** their attack. 5. He is a great fisherman

SAXON.

for one of that ***, and can ***** for himself and his horse while passing through almost any country. 9. The campers sat outside their *** and were all **** on repairing their fishing tackle. DOROTHEA. thief, you know, only this time there was

"May I explain how the necklace came to be in my safe keeping?" said Duckworth, with his usual assurance. "I found it in the course of my researches a day or two ago, and had laid a little plan to catch the -ah-person suspected, by watching for her, as I felt sure she would go to the hiding place before long. Of course, I never could have imagined any one playing a practical joke like that. But you've caught me this time, Mr. Hetherington, ha! ha!"

vicar. But Lady Alicia said: -a very clever plan!"

no thief to catch!"

"What have you to say to Miss Marshall?" said Max, turning to his aunt. "I congratulate Miss Marshall sincerely on having her character freed from an unpleasant suspicion," she answered, coldly.

"Then I apologize to you, Miss Marshall, most sincerely, for the way in which you have been treated in this house; for my

I were master here, you would be proselonger required?" said the vicar, turning to

into the library.

"Will you let me offer you a home?" he said, gently. "Your little girl-" I began, thinking he

meant that he needed a governess for her. "She needs a mother, and I-I love and admire you very much, more than I can tell you now. Will you be my wife?" And so I found that the dawn had indeed

ment with you. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Indianap-

Max cast a withering look at him. "A likely story!" he said, glancing at the "Very clever, indeed, of you, Duckworth

"Is that all?" asked Max, his eyes flash-

aunt's conduct, and for the insolence you

"Yes-at once. I must ask them to take find another situation."

come after the darkest hour of my life. I am very happy in my new home, but it is not at Myton, for my husband gave in his resignation at once to Lady Alicia and